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LIFE-STORY OF Brisbane's Sergeant-Major

At the outset everything seemed to favor the idea that young Spence would turn out a religious, or at least a respectable moral character. His parents, who were steady-going Baptists, did their duty by him, and tried to sow the seeds of righteousness in his young heart. His outward integrity was maintained until after he had served his time as a convict. At the age of eighteen he was brought face to face with the all-important question of his own's salvation. How much mercy would have been spared him if he had only satisfied the master then? But no, he let it go.

"Kicks of a feather flock together," and it is a natural thing that a young man of good habits and a young man of bad habits should get together. The two agreed to enter into a business partnership, and with that idea opened a sadler's shop in Roma. Here they worked together for seven years, and won the respect of the whole community through their steady habits. They were libertines from drink, and from vice, immoralities which are such a snarl to young men starting in life.

In an evil hour, however, our two friends used their honest earnings to speculate, and embarked in a speculative and considerable factory, which business our Brother Spence afterwards abandoned in alone. It was not long before he began to drink the cordials, and to acquire by degrees a love for intoxicants. A good habit is harder to obtain and easier to give up than a bad one. This was true in his case.

During the three years that he spent among cordials he made plenty of money, and was just as free a drinker and a gambler as the common of the publican. At last he got into such a state that he drank quite heavily, and became a slave of the devil. He frequently made the acquaintance of the inside of the watch-house.

Terrible were the wages the devil dealt out to him. When in fits of delirium tremens, he took

off in the lock-up, before being sent to the Reception House to go through the term of his sentence.

After this we find him for two months in all the glory of a member of Good Templars; but he was too much of a "good tippler" to keep to that very long, in his own strength, and was soon on the booze again. Things began to assume such an appearance that he was advised to sell out, give up his business, and say good-bye to the cordials.

He had now nothing to do but pocket his money, and endeavor to reform himself; but his position was just that of the man who invited the devil to dinner—who, when he came in, took charge, and ended by turning out the host.

but he had gone out to get drunk, as usual, and the "man in blue" picked him up in George-street. This was his first introduction to the Brisbane lock-up; he had to lie there all day on Sunday, with nothing to read. Wouldn't he have liked a "War Cry"?

At home he was respectably married. And still making this town his home, he set out hunting; but on the very day that he started, was so top heavy that he tumbled off the high seat of his wagon.

On another occasion, our brother was picked up on the road—bearing, however, only a few scratches, which were most plentiful, for he had had a pitch over, and the wagon had gone over him. All things have an end, and he came back, at

always brought a "bust," which would last for days. After he had signed the pledge five times his friends began to get tired of helping him. He even pawned his last coat for the price of a drink, and would stand drinking in a bar until he dropped. Then what was left of him would be gathered up from the floor and put on a lounge, for he was a "steady" customer.

Feeling very thirsty, as usual, he one day came across a police magistrate from the west, before whom he had often been brought for drunkenness. He promptly

SUKE UP THE MAGISTRATE FOR A SHILLING.

and received two shillings and sixpence.

He procured 25 for a twenty-four hours "bust" on one occasion, by pawning his horse and dray. At this time his wife and family would have been starving, had it not been for her friends and relations.

Through all these years he had a mother and sister who kept praying for him.

Serving Satan is indeed a miserable slavery. Brother Spence had sunk so low in self-conquest that he could not even look a policeman in the face, but if he saw one coming, he would make another street. It would have been far better for him to be in jail at hard labor than abroad and slaving for the devil.

Spence was, at the time of his conversion, well-known to the police and pawn-brokers of Brisbane.

On his last great bout he was drinking heavily for a fortnight, and, after that, walked all found it into the public-house, he was LYING PROPERLY HELPLESS,

unable either to eat or to anything. But his needful wife wrote a letter to his sister, who lived in the bush, asking her to take him there for a time, and give him a chance to get better in body and soul. This sister was a Salvationist, and was not many days before the

Salvation Army Captain called at the house, and, meeting with our brother, spoke to him, and got him to consider about the state of his soul before God. He knelt down with the captain, and promised never to touch the drink again. But he did not stop with merely taking the pledge. He went over with his sister and money, and at the Salvation Army meeting he met him, and he says: "I remembered that God had, for Christ's sake, forgiven all the past, and I trusted in Him to keep me for the future."

Sergeant-major Spence used to be a great drinker; now it is as anxious to get people to come to Jesus and drink the Living Water.—THE BLOOD-AND-FIRE REPORTER.—Last, Gty.

"Wine is a mocker,
strong drink is raging;
and whosoever
is deceived thereby
is not wise."

—PROV. XX. 1.

Spence's next experience was to lose his own on his horse, which drank. He was dragged by the stirrup for some distance, and

HIS JAW AND COLLAR-HORSE WERE BROKEN

by the kick of the frightened animal. He was poked up, in an unconscious state, and more dead than alive. Xen would think that this narrow escape would have acted as a check, but he continued drinking and laying up by turns, and the delirium tremens was an almost chronic ailment by this time.

He made an excursion to Brisbane, and on a Sunday morning awoke in the lock-up, with "two lovely black eyes." How he came by them he did not remember;

last, from a tour of puzzling and business, with only 2000 in his pocket, although he had double that amount when he started. Moreover, he had been robbed of 500 and two gold watches, the loss of which caused him some trouble.

Although he had land at Roma, he succeeded in losing it all through drinking and carelessness, and eventually his pockets were emptied. The publicans made a rich harvest out of him.

After this he came to Brisbane, and, with the aid of his relations, set up a saddler's shop, and returned once more to the fold of the Good Templars; but here again he became like a sponge, and as fast as he obtained a brilliant dray it up. The saddler's shop was abandoned and a horse and dray bought for him; but pay day

TWO MEN TO HOLD HIM DOWN
and keep him in the house. While he was in "horror" on one evening, the demons drove him off his bed, and there he lay all night. He says that there were black devils chasing him through the web all the time.

role.

will
ense
which

ough their heedlessness of results, though more lack of consideration of the duty imparted to the listener of a so-called "trifling remark," it is possible for a sinner of God to carry curse with him through the whole of life's journey, so that when he will never awake until morning.

It is equally possible to every sincere man to see the other side of the matter. Some there whose presence withers a slanderer, who hitherto had flourished like a green reed—before whom none would dare to stand a shadow of detraction upon his neighbor, whose silence seemed to condemn the truth of the accusation.

how truly unworthy is his talk.
 each should to every Christ-fol-
 and especially every Salvationist.
 profession of the life and words of
 Christ is known by all the world to
 high!
 you know these things, happy are ye
 do them."

MARGARET ALLEN.

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urity of the heart is not the fruit of the
 It is the soil in which the Spirit is
 to produce the fruit. The heart
 be pure before the fruit of the Spirit
 be manifested in the life.

little boy of nine years had learned

vers the Sunday school. "I have
the Apollos watered." The next
morning the verse was called for. Our
friend, holding up his hand, said,
"I don't remember exactly what it was,
but I know it was something about Apol-
los is water."

KREET

Fege die Jule in Aid Strike.

WILMAN ESTLEY, Chairman
Wilmbercy.

SL 1924. ESTL

copy of the heading of the

Kimberley. It is issued for
people who live in that

allowed to remain that will hinder Christ from working and building us up, after that we know our hearts are clean, and that He abides in us and we in Him. Oh to keep the vineyard! Solomon says,

mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, turned away the edge of the sword, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

... The soldiers were decorated and
... up variously in WAM CRYE. As a
... of attraction it proved a success,
... at the meeting two found mercy, and

blessing of God rests upon us, and
even in the midst of weakness and
we are glorifying His great name,
serving His beloved Kingdom.

man and my wife is a sore trial and
 iden to me. She is not converted,

en slain by her, her house is the ed to be safe

1994

... ..

took one out of my hand
when I saw him again he

ave me five cents, but
"Cry." I saw him in a
He gave me another
um to buy one.

Sergeant, selling "War
be better for you to stay
shes, and do your house-
ness are all washed. I do
the week, so that I can
at apart for the work of
d has saved me. I love
ody else. I used to get
d do bad things, but God

in them." A man stand-
ill that beats the devil."
bought a "War Cry" and
s. After walking about
3 "All the Worlds," 25
67 "Young Soldiers," my
g over with joy. I love
ng for Saturday to come

EMMA EDWARDS.

This Week. been induced a week of victory, though our crowds have been comparatively small, owing to the fishing business. The fight is hard, but we have proved there is no restraint to the Lord, to save by many or by few, for at our position this week there were a few precious souls that were brought through.

From seven A.M. until
the power of God was
red-hot, whose into the
high caused him to stand
in behalf of souls
skelider who could not
suger, came forward and
God, Who, we believe,
arden, To God we give

MORDEN, IAN.

Praise God! We
having a real his
tussle with the dev
We have seen ve
Little results for our labor since com
here, but we are not at all discouraged.
are only more determined to fight on a

Two souls in the Fountain.

Although the best time is now, and most of the people have gone to the country to help in the harvesting, still God's work goes on. Last Sunday night two precious souls came to the fountain and got gloriously saved. To him be the glory.

Yours W

Last Sunday we comrades to help Staff-Capt. and Glass led a musical singling by those present as the open-air

ing good times.
had two of the Richmond
pus, and on Tuesday night,
Mrs. Marshall and Capt.
sical meeting. Mrs. Mur-
and playing was enjoyed
at in the meeting, as well
diture. Our friends say,

step to the point of full surrender. Since last report, seven have came out for Salvation and four for Holiness. The "baby band" is getting along fine. Open-air improving—hundreds standing around drinking in the good news of Salvation. May they soon accept it and be saved.

the people here are profes-
sors. We pray that God will
raise up to the fact that they
to hell. We had an inter-
Thursday night, and one
stified to being ready when
comes. Lord help us all

